## FIFTH EPISODE. A Woman in Trouble.

old black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow flowers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red poppies was set far forward on ber kinkless wig. The marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh of excitement

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby." said Mrs. Moore. "Yassum." Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "Youyou ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss

At the sound of that name Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tail wagging, eyes eager, mouth open He was at the window with his paws on the sill and ready to bark. He whined instead and dropped his paws

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as by the side of the driver she



Foday the Buoyancy and High Pitched Laugh Were Absent.

pun into the city in the Moore limousine. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he sat in his office.

detectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to a stern faced young man who sat in the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up to be their nest, his only companion a miniature of his lovely bride. Where was June? Who was this

his power over Ned Warner's bride? Ned seized his hat and strode forth into the streets in his never ending search for June.

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abruptly behind beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert Blye had furnished this address to June's employment agency.

A blase looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the ball, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved bandsomely gowned woen, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated

in the lock. A large yellow haired woman came burrying from the salon with June's mployment agency card in her hand. "Right this way, honey," she rasped in a voice to which the honey was for eign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the salon. As June rejuctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

With a smile upon his lips and glintng in his dark eyes he hurried straight | a sharp question. back toward the little room in which stood June, now alone and frightened At that instant a buge, clumsy maid

came tumbling up from the basement. followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed to the door of the salon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Blye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the basement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely furnished little all right." room in which June found berself. There were two desks and a filing

W. A. LANGFORD

Quality

there were a luxurious couch and dainty hangings, a soft rug, and pink paneled walls and celling. It was all so incongruous. And the work-it was queer too. The yellow baired woman came in from the parlor presently and explained the posting into small blank

pooks of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips for men, but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of business this might be. The page girl swished in with one of the memorandum slips. The yellow bead, whose face was puffy and more highly colored than was wholes took the slip, looked at the name on it frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the salon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstraction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen.

They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playing chips, and a rawboned woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The rellow baired woman fixed her attention on the gambler next to the dealer. She was a fluffy blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so in tently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice the door open and

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was abjectly miserable, and suddenly she

Ned! Why had she run away from

In the gambling room the fluffy blond who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her She turned impatiently to look for the page girt. She met instead the cold. hard eye of the yellow baired woman who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and fright came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Per ry." announced the yellow haired woman, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the L O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K.'d it."

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs.

"I wouldn't O. K, it for 50 cents," snapped the other. "Now, I want ac tion. You'll telephone your husband "No, no!" The woman wrung her

hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!" "I know that game," she scorned, and from June's desk she took an in dex card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden." she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry, and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically, and reached over June's shoulder to take the phone. The new secretary rie?" had made no move toward the phone She was staring at the yellow haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone berself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark," she scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while she waited. "You'd sting me for a thousand dollars rather than sting your busband for it. See this card?" She held it out. It contained the name of Jackson | eyes. W. Perry, his business address, his home income, clubs and telephone numbers And the unfortunate Mrs. Perry seem ed to shrink into hopeless despair as she realized the implacable organiza tion against which she had pitted her

self. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellow haired woman's voice had undergone a complete change. It was very pleas ant of inflection, though it rasped mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was "His wife wishes to speak with him." She handed over the telephone, and June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, rose and compassionately gave the woman her chair. The yellow haired one walked calmly over to her own desk and

> took up the extension phone. June looked at her hat and coat. She seemed quite bewildered. She could not quite understand what this was all all unpleasant and heartless and de grading. She was starting to go when omething on Mrs. Perry's face touch ed her sympathies and held her.

"Yes it's Gwen." trembled Mrs. Per ry, her nervous fingers clutching des perately to keep the quaver from her voice. "I-I hope I baven't interrupt ed anything important."

"Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly outside the phone "Jack"-the voice was full of plead ing-"I-I have to have some money." The frown of the yellow baired wo man deepened as she listened to the

man's reply. "I know it's a week before my allow ance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow baired one. "But I just must have it! Eight hun dred dollars!"

The man's voice boomed an incredu lous exclamation over the wire; then

"Why-why, it's to pay bills! Yes. yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to keep them paid out of my allowance! didn't want to tell you this until we could alt down quietly together, only they're pressing me for payment! And the allowance isn't enough, Jackson! Yes, I know you've raised it-oh!"

The man's beavy voice had interrupted her calmly, coldly. She sank back limply in the chair. June hung up the receiver. She was surprised to see the rellow baired wo

man put up her own phone and come across the room with a benign expres "Cheer up," she advised. "Hubby's

Mrs. Perry straightened up.

"Yes," she said and moistened her

cabinet and some office chairs, but then, "he said that be'd go over those

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JA TOON W. CROOKE A. M. DAVISON

"I heard him myself." And the yelow baired woman grinned across at June. "Here's your 1. O. U., dearle. I've O. K.'d it You better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

The terrified little blond looked up usly. It was as if she had been given a drink of some strong niant, and she clutched eagerly at the memorandum slip. Perhaps with that she could win back all that she

"Thank you!" she gasped and hur ried from the room. The other woman grabbed her phone

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden!" she called. "Hello! Mr. Perry, please. This is his wife's friend." June moved for her hat and cont.

"Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife is at 48 Kingsley court gambling, and she's going to be exposed in half an hour if you aren't here to pay ber

The man at the other end of the wire apparently took a moment to gasp for breath: then the wire boomed. "All right, bring the police if you

want," snapped the yellow haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say. checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eightfifty now." June stood aghast. A gambling house

the corner near Mrs. O'Keefe's home Officer Grady walked over to lift his cap politely and to help Marie across the street with her empty market basket. Two blocks up Officer Dowd carried her basket two blocks off his beat to where Officer Kernan held up the traf fic both ways while she described the chicken potple she intended to make for dinner. All this was, first, because the Widow O'Keefe's husband had been the most popular man on the force and, second, because Marie, plain of feature though she was, had found in herself an unexpected knack for pleasing policemen.

In the market June's maid, compan ion and protector wandered from stall to stall, selecting her tiny purchases of fruit and vegetables. She was just deciding on the tremendously important selection of the chicken itself when suddenly an avalanche of flaming color fell upon her and a voice

"You, Marie? Wha's Miss Junie? say, wha's Miss Junie?" Aunt Debby! Her two fat black hands were gripped on Marie's arm. A crowd began to gather immediately

Marie straightened herself stiffly. "I do not know you!" she declared. "You don't know me!" Aunt Debby wheezed, her broad bosom jumping up and down. "You say you don't know me! Ain't I Debby? Ain't you Ma

Marie with a sudden jerk freed her self from that earnest grasp and would have been for down the street had it not been for the thickening crowd Aunt Debby, plunging forward with unbellevable agility, threw both arms

gruff voice of a big policeman. "I want that woman took in charge! panted Aunt Debby, and she rolled her

"Oh, you do!" And the officer of the address, his financial rating, probable law turned on Marie an eye which was perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite of its disinclination. "What's the charge?

The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilly triumphant: "She done stole my pocketbook!"

It was Marie's turn to look astounded "Oh, she did: When? Here in the

market?" "Yas, sir, she did. Right up hyab at the chicken stand!"

"Well, what's that on your arm? And Aunt Debby's eyes dropped as she saw the stern gaze of the pollceman fixed on the rusty old hand bag which gripped her thick forearm. She had forgotten that detail in her planning "Open it up," ordered the officer, who opened it himself. It had bills and about, but she did know that it was silver in it, Aunt Debby's reading spec tacles and her farsighted ones, som peppermint lozenges, brunette face powder and a tea biscuit.

"Well-well-well!" guiped Aunt Deb by, her eyes batting. "She done stol my other pocketbook!"

"That's enough!" growled the officer 'No negro ever had two pocketbooks What have you got to say, miss?' And he was quite respectful to Marie. "I don't know her, Mr. Officer,"

"You, Marie," screamed Aunt Deb by, "you say you don't know me?" "Go on about your business," or

dered the big policeman. "I don't leave this spot without that girl!" declared Aunt Debby, planting her fists on her hips and spreading her feet spart. Then the outraged majesty of the law asserted itself. "Hey, Billy! Call the wagon!" it

yelled. "Please don't arrest her!" begged Marie. She was too late; the wagon ha been called.

"Sorry, miss," said the officer wh had first interfered, "but this party went too far." And he turned to help toss the cuiprit in.

"Oh, Mr. Dowd!" The voice of Ma rie was suddenly bright and care free. The three policemen who had been assisting Aunt Debby turned quickly as Officer Dowd pushed smilingly through the crowd to the side of Ma-

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. Marie whispered her explanation. "Let the smoke go, boys," requeste Officer Dowd carelessly. "It's all

"Now you hike!" ordered the police-man and gave Aunt Debby a poke in

the ribs. Slowly she waddled to the chicken market, where she found her basket new betrothal. ntact in the stall of the poultryman. and slowly she walked up a block to ed only to see Perry clasp his wife in the adjacent avenue, where stood the

"Jerry," she called as she climbe breathlessly to her seat by the driver,
"I done seed Marie! And whah she
goes Miss Junie is?"

The car was already started. "Where?" asked Jerry, all quivering

Aunt Debby's eyes rolled. She could talk no more, but she made a circular motion with her hand, and Jerry un-

There seemed to be small profit in circulating, and after a few minutes of this tedious process Aunt Debby, who seemed to be tremendously prolific of

To Ned's they drove, and within five minutes after Aunt Deliby's excited report Ned Warner and John Moore and three long and innky detectives were headed for the market, with Jerry and Aunt Deliby up in front. At that point they scattered, and it was Ned whose inquiries after Maria and at the

HEAVY jawed, firm mouthed, square headed and level eyed man stopped at the door of 48 Kingsley court and rang the

ell with a vigorous jerk.
"Mr. Perry," he announced bluntly. "Yes, sir," replied the impudent page girl, by no means abashed, and she open the parlor door. "Right in here." She grinned as she switched on the lights for him and saw that he was oppressed by the fact of the drawn

The yellow haired woman found him standing solidly in the center of the room, facing the door.

"Where is my wife?" be loudly de "Don't bark at me!" snapped the yel

The man shated none of its intensity as be repeated his demand. "In a minute." The yellow haired woman was quite calm and collected. "I don't mind turning over a parlor to settle a domestic scrap, but I want my

oll settled first. Eight-fifty." "How do I know that she is guilty of gambling? How do I know that she is The woman's ltp curled. "Want to see her with the goods?

Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to behave I'll show her to you through a The man's fists clinched convulsively

"You'd better pass over my eight-fifty first," said the sellow haired wo-"Just a mipute, please," A sweet voice, low, gentle, cultured-no such

voice as the man had expected to hear in this place. He was equally impress ed when he turned and saw the beau tiful young girl who had glided through the rear door, her face full of serious "Who rang for you?" snapped the

cellow haired woman, her eyes dam ng with instant resentment. "I stayed in this house for no other reason than to see Mr. Perry," an nounced June, with no trace of timidi

ty about her. What do you know about this?" "Mrs. Perry is in deep trouble and eeds your belp."

"She had no reason to be in trouble

give my wife an ample allowance." he man turned from June. "You give it." Across June's mind here flashed again the whole of her own vital problem-that whatever the wife has must come from the husband in the nature of charity. She saw her self again as the piteous little beggar before Ned, whom she loved, and she saw Mrs. Perry in that same attitude before this stern husband. "What

right have you to call it a gift?" The man stopped and turned to June a puzzled brow. She had set astir in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for rofits," rasped the voice of the yellow end. "But I can't overlook a chance tike this. I know your kind, Jackson Perry. You give your wife an allow ance that covers everything but emerreneles. You figure the plumber to come in three times a year, and if he omes in four she loses. If she has a and passion to treat a few of her friends to ice cream sodas she has to walt till next month's allowance day. If she ever saved \$25 you'd reduce her I'll bet this poor little wife of yours first got into trouble through

take it ever since." A gentle hand was laid on the man's

"You will help her?" The low, sweet voice was full of more than appeal; it was full of trust and confidence. There was a slight convulsive heav ing of Perry's shoulders, but that was

all. He drew out a pocketbook and counted some money into the yellow haired woman's hand-"Now, bring Gwen to me," he sald and his voice had no barshness, his

eyes no sternness, his smile no bitter With moist eyes June burried from the room. She was glad that she bad stayed here, glad that she had come very glad indeed, but now she was in

a hurry to go! The yellow haired wo man overtook her in the hall, and she patted June on the shoulder. "You're all right, Peachie," she approved, "but remember this, the fixer

gets the blisters." June was putting on her hat an coat when Mrs. Perry wonderingly followed the yellow baired woman through the hall. It was yellow head's regular plan of campaign to confront cople without previous explanation It saved wear and tear on the nerves.

A moment later there was a shriek and as June came to the door Mrs Perry, her eyes wild and her hair fly ing, came rushing back through the away. hall. She had gone only as far as the chairs, as with a wild cry the woman house. Ned Warner's heart was full swiftly raised the revolver to her tem- of murder.

Mrs. Perry's life went into the ceiling. Jackson Perry came bursting through the door and found June in the midst of the pandemonium, with the limp

Mrs. Perry in ber arms. "Gwen!" cried the man, and the call came from his heart. He had feared that she was dead, but she opened her eyes as be took her in his arms, and there in the midst of that frantic comnotion their lips met in the kiss of

The yellow haired woman had walt his arms; then, leaving wide the sal door, she rushed toward the basemen

"Ready with that fire?" she relied. "It's ready, all right," replied the page girl, bursting out of the base ment door, and with her came a tre us cloud of smoke. It poured into the ball and into the salon. The page girl was choking with it. "They foozi the first one, and the bons has been fighting ever since, trying to keep the shack from burning down."

June rushed out through the hall.
"Not that way!" called the page girl. "The cops are at the door! Walt for the dremen!"

The explanation of that was slow in coming to June. When the yellow hair ed woman sent for a bushand are had always to fear the police, and the only way to foll a raid was to confuse it Thoroughly frightened, June turned back toward the salon, and an she passed the basement door she saw coming up through the rolling yellow smoke

the dark, black vandyked face of Gil-bert Blye!

"This way!" called the yellow haired woman and with a jerk of a tasseled curtain cord drew aside the great yel-low hangings of the salon windows. which ran to the floor.

The terrified women threw open the windows in an instant and were out on the latticed balcony, down the steps and through the yard to the walled park fronting on the other side. As June sped away she heard the clang of the fire engines and the hourse shouts of the gathering crowd in front

of 48 Kingsley court.

Blye had dashed after her, but he reached the street only in time to see

her boarding a downtown car. He caught the next one. All unconscious that she was pur sued and grown careless by her three days of safety in the Widow O'Reefe's ughly protected house, June rlighted at her usual corner and hur-

regular corner, where half a dozen dingy streets and alleys plunged to-gether and, apparently dizzled by the impact, wandered angularly and aimlessly off, June met on a narrow cross ing a being fairly jiggling with alcohol. Her heart popped into her throat, and she was about to turn back, for she would have died rather than to have brushed clothes with the object, when the creature, catching sight of her, immediately stepped far over into the mud, jerked off his battered cap and with it made a courtesy so sweep-

five minutes afterward. That was enough for one day, and one ran down the street, past the little fountain, into the sanctuary of the Widow O'Keefe's house, up the two flights of stairs and dropped into the

wicker chair. "Slippers," was all she said. Marie was on her knees in an ir tant, showing every gum, "Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from then on until long after the wonder-

ful chicken potpie had been consumed

the conversation flowed with never an

It was good to have found a refuge like this. It seemed far, far away from the New York which these two knew and it was as if no one could ever find them here. They were safe. Safe! Is one ever safe? As Ned Warner stood trying vainly to extract information from Officer Dowd June's car

flashed by him and be caught a glimpse of her. Officer Dowd was astonished to have his particularly insistent questions stop abruptly in the middle of a sen tence and go dashing madly after a street car. In half a block the young

man gave up that absurd chase. The traffic thickened just beyond, so that for three or four blocks Ned was able to keep sight of the car as it stopped and started. Finally it was blocked, and Ned was able to catch up with it. June was no longer among the passengers!

"There was a girl on your car wear ing a fur cap with a green tassel!" breathlessly said Ned to the conductor. "Bet your life."

"Where did she leave your car?" "On the track." Ned dropped off the car, left to his own logic. June had alighted somewhere within these last two blocks. losing \$2 in a friendly penny auction One going farther west would in all winter's singuish bowels and torpic game, and she's been trying to over probability have taken a more conven liver. These well known standard remment district of old, small houses. On the chance Ned struck east.

> cap with a green tassel?" The young man with the yellow der by over one ear shifted his cigarette. "I'll be the Patsy. What's the an-He asked that question of countless people. On a corner where half a doz-

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur

en streets and alleys had staggered themselves by running into each other Ned found a human being swaying It Really Does Relieve Rheumatism. gently in the breeze. "Have you seen"-Ned stopped after one glance into

that vacuous face and one whiff from that far from vacuous breath. "Pipe up, pai," husked the jiggle one. Ned went over his formula "Have you seen a girl wearing a fur

cap with a green tassel?"

And it stopped swaying for a moment. "A guy with black whiskers," and the human being illustrated the Vandyke

"Well, what do you think of that?"

by a motion of his hand, "asked me the same thing!" Blye again! Ned clinched his fist. "Did you see the girl?"

The object winked. "'S none of your business!" he an-

swered with great dignity and reeled Ned gazed after him in perplexity. parlor door and at the first sight of her There was no use to question that felhusband had run, overwhelmed with low any further, but it was certain unreasoning terror. Back into the sa that the man had seen June. She had ion Mrs, Perry fled and to her place passed this way then. She was some next the dealer. With snakelike swift where near. And Blye! Blye, too, had ness she jerked open the money draw passed this way! Ned chose the most er beneath the dealer's card box and direct street, the one which led to a litsnatched from it the shining revolver the fountain, where another street anwhich she had so often seen there, gled sharply into it. And this foun-There was an instant's commotion, tain was visible from the third floor shricks of fright, an overturning of windows of the Wldow O'Keefe's

Before she could press the trig | Blye had passed that way, but he ger, however, June's strong young arm had gone up another street. Now be, had thrown up the woman's wrist, and too, in his wandering search for the the bullet which would have ended runaway bride came down toward the Mrs. Perry's life went into the ceiling. little fountain from the other angle. June looked out of the window. In the gathering dusk she saw without recognizing them the two men approaching each other, with the sharp cornered building between.

> would meet, Gilbert Blye and Ned Warner. And the husband of June had murder in his heart! SEE RUNAWAY JUNE AT THE OPERA HOUSE

At the point and under the light they

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Henry L. Perry.

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George Garretts to Dutch Powell, 3e Smith Miller to Sallie Miller, 10 acres,

Lewis Perkins, etc., to L. K. Morris,

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157 acres, \$1. J. T. Coy to Robert Walker, 22 acres, Robert Walker to Cull Henry, 22 ac's,

81,612.50. Harrison Gullett to Mary Benton, 42 scres, \$1,500. Arthur Stott to Chas. Harvey, 2 acres

Ras Howard's heirs to Harrison Gul ett, 30 acres, \$700. A. B. Short to U. S. Motley, 70 acres.

Mary A. Baldwin to Brutus Motley, 10.26 acres, \$531. ing that he was unable to rise up for Chas Motley to Mary A. Baldwin, 10.26 acres, exchange. Laura Baldwin to C. L. Baldwin, 14

> Mary Grubbs to Wm. Grubbs, 112 acres, \$50. Wm. Grubbs, etc., to John Doty, 1 1-2 acres, \$50. Collins Coy to J. G. Hoskins, 99.91 ac.,

810, 490, 55, Elizabeth Murray to Jas. M. Murrray acre, amount not stated. Mattie C. Wood to Sailie Ross, Rich

mond, lot, \$425. Mattie Alverson to Rosa Alverson, Richmond, \$1. Samuel Rice, etc., to Sarah J. Ram-

sey, Richmond, \$500. Dudley Hendricks to Vernon Cox Richmond, \$860 Caroline Farley, Exec'x, to Madison Garage, Richmond, \$3,602.

S. R. Kanatzar to John B. Kanatzar's heirs, Valley View, not stated. T. K. Hamilton to Dovie Blythe, Richnond, \$170.

Maggie O'Dell to U. S. Moyers, etc. Berea, \$550. S. Neville Moberley, etc., to Wm. Rogers. Richmond, \$201.

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Cheaper Meats Predicted. The Department of Agriculture sees heaper meat and shoes in store for the people of this country. According to figures gathered by its agents, the number of live stock is on the increase. On January 1, there were 7,712,100 more live stock in the United than on the same day a year ago.

Everybody who is afflicted with Rheu natism in any form should by all means keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on hand. The minute you feel pain or sore ness in a joint or muscle, bathe it with Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it Sloan's penetrates almost immediately right to ne seat of pain, relieving the hot, ter der, swollen feeling and making the part easy and comfortable. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the houseagainst Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it

does give almost instant relief Buy a ottle today .- Adv.

Quite An Interesting Trial. A trial, which proved to be a very ineresting one, has come to a close in omerset, Ky., when twelve sedate jury men deliberated three hours in circuit pourt there and returned a verdict of guilty against the Itev J. L. Delk, by which he was fined \$50 and costs for aughty remarks which he is said to ave made in his sermon when a woman member of his congregation appeared in church with her pe', pink-nosed poodle snuggled in her arms. The court room was crowded until standing room

ould not be obtained. Take a Rexall Orderlie Tonight It will act as a laxative in the

morning Henry L. Perry. President Wilson reflects that while George Washington was nothing more

of his country. A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggist liver use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the marke, 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle .- Adv,

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